

IN THE HOUR OF DEFEAT.

(By our Social Sleuthhound.)

It must be many years since political excitement or ballotitis, as Lord "POOPIE" WIMBLE wittily calls it, has clutched London society so tightly by the throat as during the past week. The news that the flashlight signals so lavishly organised by the proprietors of *The Daily Maelstrom* were beginning to work emptied the smart restaurants night after night long before full justice had been done to the menu. Prince IGOR DANI-CHEFF left an Imperial *meringue*—a dainty to which he is peculiarly addicted—untasted on Monday night, and ADELGISA Lady BULGER, with her two pretty girls, left their coffee and *crème de menthe* untouched on Tuesday in their anxiety to learn the fate of the Hon. RUPERT BUL-LION.

Election excitement was, of course, at its zenith at the Southcliffe, where the managers, however, maintained perfect impartiality, decorating the restaurant in blue, red, and yellow, this chivalrous compliment to the claims of Labour being greatly appreciated by the German waiters. On Tuesday night the orchestra played a new "chopstick" waltz by a well-known Rand magnate, which was encored several times. Though nearly everyone present was more or less intimately affected by the Unionist *débâcle*, the courage and cheerfulness displayed were worthy of the noblest traditions of the plutocracy. Lady "SQUIFFY" BLANDAMER shed a few natural tears when the return of Mr. JOHN BURNS was announced on the electrophone, but otherwise the fortitude of the company was unimpaired and unimpeachable, and indeed reminded me of the attitude of the French *noblesse* during the Reign of Terror. Mr.

GWILYM FOLLETT, undaunted by the sinister triumphs of Socialism and Secularism, went off in the best of spirits to preside at one of his gramophone recitals at the Amazon Club; Sir LUCIUS BLUMBERG and Lord BERNCASTLE discussed the merits of the Pelota players at Olympia with perfect calm; and MIRANDA Lady BALCONICH answered queries about her daughter Lady SKIBO, whom she

gramophone recital last night. While he was expounding the construction of the machine with his usual eloquence, a thoughtless member of the audience observed in a stage whisper, "Don WHISKERANDOS is in for the City." This unfeeling reference to Sir EDWARD CLARKE was too much for the lecturer, who burst into tears. Several Amazons fainted, and were only revived by the

presence of mind of HILDEGOND, Dowager Countess of YATTENDON, who plunged her ostrich-feather fan into the fire and promptly applied it to the nostrils of her inanimate clubmates. On inquiring at Mr. FOLLETT's chambers this morning I was glad to hear that he had passed a fair night, but he has been ordered to Monte Carlo as soon as he is fit to move, and his doctor, Sir PHIPSON TABB-LLOYD, has absolutely forbidden him to see the papers or hear a gramophone for at least three months.

Sad news also reaches me of Lord ENO STOLLBERG, who was so much upset by the defeat of Sir ALBERT ROLLIT that he has not drunk any champagne for four days. Lady SLAZENGER has indefinitely postponed her Bridge dinner, which was fixed for Sunday (yesterday) night, and Sir REUBEN SZLAPOWSKY has dined at home three nights running, a thing



Mother. "Now, DEAR, SAY YOUR GRACE, AND RUN ALONG TO THE NURSERY."

Mabel (who has just been refused a second mince-pie). "THANK GOD FOR A FAIRLY GOOD DINNER!"

has been nursing through a protracted attack of double whooping cough, with a serenity which CATO himself might have envied.

Since writing the above yesterday, I am bound to confess that I have somewhat overestimated the wonderful powers of recuperation displayed by the best representatives of English society in the face of the appalling calamity which has befallen them. To-day I learn with deep regret that Mr. GWILYM FOLLETT had a rather serious breakdown at his

which has not happened since his second marriage. Yesterday everyone turned into the Park at an unusually early hour, but, although the weather was delightful, evidences of depression were everywhere noticeable. Pretty Mrs. NEBULY COATES was in semi-mourning—her cousin, Sir HUGO BLIMBER, was defeated by a Socialist in the Saffron Hill Division on Friday; Lord ORMO BOFFIN wore no buttonhole, and Mr. HECTOR MACSLEIMER created a most painful impression by wearing one black and one white spat.

THE COMING OF THE NEW DEMOS.

(A FAREWELL TO THE BEATEN SIDE.)

DEMOS has spoken from the judgment-place;
He should have heard you, but he howled you down;
This is the end—you get no further grace;
This is your patriot's crown.

The voice is changed from that which spoke of late,
Which in the lone hour called you, not in vain,
Laying within your hands the country's fate,
To establish her again.

And they that put that burden on you then
May see her now, her path of peril cleared,
Once more a name upon the lips of men,
Honoured and loved and feared!

You leave a record which shall bear the light
When History delves for Truth in after days,
Not as the sudden mob condemns at sight,
Or stints its grudging praise.

Meanwhile the heart of gratitude is cold;
A young new Demos, born of yester-eve,
Big-mouthed and blustering, overbears the old,
Waiting for no man's leave.

Every inhuman name that he can spell
He prints in red for all to know you by,
Citing his gods to prove he would not tell,
Nor yet believe, a lie.

He paints your lurid portraits on the polls:—
"Drivers of slaves that oust the white man's brood!"
"Bigots that bind in chains our children's souls!"
"Filchers of poor folk's food!"

Had you been Czars to drain the people's blood,
Or sought to earn a country's dying curse,
Dragging her remnant honour through the mud,
He could have done no worse.

His hooligans are out with stones and dirt;
And in the darkness you must hide your head,
Nor look for Chivalry to salve the hurt,
For Demos reigns instead.

Not much it helps to know that those, ere long,
Who lent him aid and did a mutual deal,
Will find their henchman, grown a shade too strong,
Stamping them under heel.

Little it serves that they, your old-time foes,
Who found him useful for their present ends,
Must seek you soon and plaintively propose—
"Please save us from our friends!"

But let this solace keep your hearts resigned—
That, till a second lustre's course is through,
The noblest heritage you leave behind
Demos can scarce undo.

O. S.

The Survival of the Deadest.

"PROTECTION is every day receiving its death-blow."—*The Lynn News*.

Election Oration at Devonport.

DEMAGOGUE.—"An' what about this 'ere Aliens Bill? The Tories have stopped all foreigners from coming 'ere, and this very evening I actually saw a Devon man pushing a chipped potato cart! Why it's enough to make the blood of an Englishman boil in his veins."

[Loud cheers.]

"WHY I LOST."

[NOTE.—The cost of telegrams under this head from defeated candidates specially invited to contribute will be refunded; but they must cover not more than two reasons, and be terse at that.]

A. WIRES: "(1) I was easily the worse man of the two. (2) Chinese Labour."

B. WIRES: "(1) I was too strong. Everybody voted for the weaker side. Gallant fellows. (2) Big Loaf Cry."

C. WIRES: "(1) Mislaid my notes every time. (2) Pendulum."

D. WIRES: "(1) My opponent had no wife to help him. This in confidence. (2) Education Bill."

E. WIRES: "(1) My adversary behaved far too honourably. I could make nothing out of him. (2) Trades Disputes Bill."

F. WIRES: "(1) Spent all my time canvassing the ladies. Only found out too late that they hadn't got the suffrage. (2) Japanese alliance."

[This telegram is too long.—Ed.]

G. WIRES: "(1) Kept forgetting people's names. (2) Entente cordiale."

H. WIRES: "(1) Family pride prevented my condescending to argument. (2) Overbridge Trams."

I. WIRES: "(1) Never could guess the babies' sexes right. Ended by calling them all 'It.' Fatal thing. (2) No other reason."

J. WIRES: "You have addressed the wrong man. I got in."

PARABLES FOR PARTIZANIES.

III.—"PODGER FOR EVER!"

HE wore his neckgear, though not from choice, in a state of unstudded ease; his left eye was blacked, and the small of his back was jammed firmly against a sharp angle of the Jubilee Memorial in the Market Square. But still he waved the tattered remnants of what had once been a four-and-nine-penny hard felt, proudly, exultantly, over his head; and his spirit was stern and high as he shouted "PODGER for Ever!"

And PODGER, a dull and none too honest drysalter, bobbed and bowed on a balcony, as he wagged a fat forefinger at the crowd, and thanked it for returning him to Parliament.

And after the Borough Elector had adjusted his poultices and plaisters that night he fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

He dreamt that Spring came, with its primroses and house painters; and PODGER still wagged a fat forefinger, and talked of tariffs. Summer came, with its roses and blow-flies; and PODGER stood before him and talked of tariffs. Winter's frosts and thaws burst the water-pipes; and PODGER sat by the fireside, and talked of tariffs. Boys grew up and became men; girls grew up and became Bridge-players. Ages passed, aeons passed; from London came a rumour that the Thames Steamboats showed a working profit, and the Aldwych Island Site was let; but still PODGER wagged a fat forefinger in front of the Borough Elector, and talked, not very eloquently, of tariffs.

And the Borough Elector implored the Fates to forgive him, but was ruthlessly reminded that he had asked, in plain but impassioned language, for an eternity of PODGER—"PODGER," in fact, "for ever."

Then, in the chilly dawn, he woke, and asked himself whether PODGER was really worth a black eye after all.

Moral:—Try and cultivate a sense of Proportion before next General Election.

THE barking of a terrier in Kensington the other night led to the discovery of a burglary in the next street. "A Constant Reader of *The Spectator*" thinks that the sagacious animal must have got wind of it by wire-haired telegraphy.



A NEGLIGIBLE QUANTITY.

MR. JAMES B-D-M-S. "WELL, MY WEIGHT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER MUCH NOW!"

THE HISTORY OF THE



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HUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Fond Mother. "LAW, JARGE, YOU DO BE A SWELL DRIVIN' IN A CARRIAGE!"

Jarge (returning from the poll). "HAW! HAW! I BIN DRUV THEER IN A YELLOW MOTOR CAR, AND I BIN DRUV BACK IN A BLUE KERRIDGE, AND I AIN'T BIN AND VOTED FOR NEITHER OF 'EM. HAW! HAW! HAW!"

THE MAIDEN'S PROGRESS.

["Statistics show," declares the Secretary of one of the largest women's clubs in New York, "that between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five, more women commit indiscretions than at any other period . . . all the world knows that the old fools are always the worst fools."—*Daily Express.*]

WHEN I became a *débutante* my soul, I'd have you know,
Was whiter and brighter than newly fallen snow;
No shadow of a naughtiness, no thought that was not good
Dared enter that centre of modest maidenhood.
With awe I heard the curate's word, and when the worthy vicar
Sang (out of tune) "That night in June," my trembling heart
beat quicker.

It shocked me to discover how my elders would behave
At dances. What glances! What bold bad smiles they gave!
I shuddered when I saw them sitting out upon the stairs
With tall men and small men in chaperonless pairs.
I shrank away from such as they—my modesty the reason—
And shyly hied to Mother's side through all my primal season.

Before my second year had passed a subtle change began;
Grown older and bolder I rather fancied Man.
A mild flirtation held a joy, a desperate delight
That thrilled me, and filled me with ecstasy and fright.
A dash of spice I found was nice, and though, of course, we
know it
Was very sad and bad and mad—still I began to go it.

My vices gained upon me; fast they grew and faster yet;
Half frightened I lighted my maiden cigarette;
I smoked it up the chimney so that Mother might not know,
Hand shaking, heart quaking, and nerves all on the go.
And as I blew the smoke into the chimney's black abysses
"Has girl," I thought, "been ever brought to such a depth
as this is?"

Time fled. My evil habits grew, and with each passing year
My scruples—apt pupils—were taught to disappear:
I played at Bridge and billiards, and discovered that
Chartreuse,
When yellow and mellow, one ought not to refuse.
And yet more strange, a further change—I cannot tell what
wrought it—
In course of time the worse the crime the milder still I
thought it.

And now that I am fifty odd, the virtues which of old
I cherished have perished. I'm absolutely bold.
I stick at nothing. Long ago the still small voice within
Stopped crying and trying to prate to me of sin.
Not only vice I think is nice, but virtue an obsession.
In short, the sum is this—I've come to years of indiscretion.

THE rumour that the Labour Party will be led in the House of Commons by Lady WARWICK from behind the grille is the talk of all the East-End clubs.

TRAVEL-TALK.

(Overheard at Cook's.)

Lady Violet de Parme (languidly, to *deferential assistant*). Yes, one really must go away somewhere at this time of year. What places have you got? . . . *Riviera?* *Pau?* Oh dear no! Much too banal. One meets all the people one knows at home. So boring. I want somewhere absolutely novel. . . . Spain? Yes, Spain might do. Show me a couple of months' tour in Spain. . . . Yes, that seems a little more interesting. . . . Interpreter? Oh, of course, they speak *Spanish* there, don't they? . . . Thanks, I thought so. No, I don't know that I would care about going about with an interpreter. They jar on one's nerves. Don't you think they would understand French or Italian? . . . Yes, I know they would understand me in the big towns, but I want to go to somewhere absolutely novel. Have you any other places? . . . Sicily? Yes, Sicily might do. Italian, isn't it, or is it French? . . . Thanks, I thought so. Would one have to eat Italian food, or could one get English food at the hotels? . . . Yes, but I don't care to go to the overdone parts. I want somewhere absolutely novel. . . . In the south of the island, you say. Oh, Sicily's an island, is it? . . . Then that would mean another crossing somewhere, I suppose? . . . Thanks, I thought so. How long would the crossing take? . . . I really don't think I would care, though, to make another crossing in a small boat. And Italian food, too! I never could endure garlic. Haven't you any other places? . . . Upper Egypt? Yes, that might do. Show me some places in Upper Egypt. . . . No, I don't know that I would care about travelling up the Nile. Isn't there any other way? So many parvenu Americans on the boats, I am told. So loud. They jar on one's nerves. . . . Charter a private what? . . . Oh, dahabeeah! No, I don't really think I would care about travelling on that kind of animal. So jolly. They would get on one's nerves. Haven't you any other places? I want somewhere absolutely novel and fashionable. . . . The Desert? Yes, the Desert might do. D'you arrange about the caravan tickets, or is it caravanserai? . . . Thanks, I thought so. Show me some places in the Desert. . . . Biskra? Oh dear no! My friend Lady SAHARAH SANDYS went there last year, and she told me it had become quite trippery. . . . Well, possibly it was Biarritz she went to. D'you know which it was? . . . No, I suppose you would hardly remember. I rather think it was Biskra. Perhaps you had better show me some other places. . . . Sidi-Caique? Yes, Sidi-

Caique sounds more tempting. Have they any decent golf links there? . . . Or an English doctor? . . . Any good motoring? . . . Yes, I suppose the roads would be bad, as you say, but if it's no use to take over our motor, I don't know that I would care much about the Desert. D'you think there would be any Bridge going? . . . Aren't there any fashionable people there this year, then? . . . Yes, I know quite well that I said I wanted somewhere right off the beaten track, but I want a place where one would meet nice people, and find golf and English cooking. Surely you understand what I am looking for? . . . Yes, yes, I suppose it is a little difficult to find these things together, but, after all, your agency is for finding out those sorts of places for us, isn't it? . . . Then I suppose I shall have to stay in England after all. Good morning!

THE FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP.

[A writer in *Macmillan's* has noted that "by a curious inversion the less friendly our guests happen to be the more lavish is our display of hospitality. Our intimates and dearest friends get pot-luck."]

WHEN BROWN invites me home to dine

In formidable state,
I note the choice, expensive wine,
The quantity of plate,
The costly courses that they bring,
The culinary feat
Exemplified in everything
They offer me to eat.

I heave a surreptitious sigh,
Which indicates regret,
Because I know that BROWN and I
Are merely strangers yet.

With worthy ROBINSON as host
I have a plainer meal.
The circling bottle cannot boast
Such splendour in the seal;
We have a monster piece of beef
On a gigantic dish,
And often, to my great relief,
We skip the soup and fish.

I gather, from these homely ways,
That I am getting on
(To use a plain, familiar phrase)
With worthy ROBINSON.

But when I dine with dear old JONES,
We revel at our ease
On bottled beer and mutton bones,
And half a pound of cheese.
There is no plate, the cloth is soiled
With unconsidered stains;
The cabbages are badly boiled,
But nobody complains.

When JONES, God bless him! offers me
A meal of odds and ends
(Without the least apology),
I know that we are friends.

AN "IDDY UMPY" IDYLL.

[For the Morse Code, used by the *Daily Mail* to announce Election results, the words "iddy" and "umpy" are commonly employed in the services in preference to "dot" and "dash."]

THEY were walking arm-in-arm along the Embankment about 11 P.M.

They had just become engaged, but even their new-found happiness had not been enough to quench their political enthusiasm; and by putting their heads close together they had acquired the Morse Code so as to be able to take it in like ordinary print, without consciously stopping to decipher it.

"Darling," he said, as he gazed into her lovely eyes, which at that moment were lit up by the 100-ampère searchlight from the Chelsea Power Station, "Darling, I can scarcely believe that only yester-iddy-you promised to be my own ickle-iddy umpy-my very own-umpy iddy-wife!" You have made me the happiest-iddy-man in the whole-umpy-world! Here's an-umpy-seat, let's sit down. Now my own-umpy-there's no one looking, may I give you one-iddy-kiss?"

"Oh, JOHN dear, no, you mustn't really, don't be so-iddy iddy-otic! Well, just one. Do you really love your little-umpy-girl so much?"

"You know I do. I worship the very-umpy iddy-ground you walk on. Yes, darling, I do; these are not merely-iddy-empty words. I mean it."

"I think you do, dear. Tell me, what did your kiddy-iddy-brother say when you told him? Did he-iddy umpy-seem pleased?"

"Did he-umpy-? Rather! I should think he-iddy-well did! And how does your sister BIDDY-iddy umpy-like me for a brother-in-umpy-law?"

"Well, dear, I don't want to make you conceited, but she said if I hadn't taken you she would have jumpty-iddy-umped at you herself—Oh, dearest, look, that's surely another Liberal gain!"

A Sinister Coincidence.

"A CAST-IRON Tory" calls attention to the fact that on the morning of the Manchester poll *The Lancet* appeared with the following statement:—"The Royal Commission has appointed Dr. — and Dr. — to make enquiries as to the number of feeble-minded persons in Manchester and district."

"Gentleman, about to marry, wishes to recommend his Housekeeper for a similar post."
—*Irish Times*.

THERE is always something charming in this desire, so prevalent with engaged people, that others should be "as happy as we are."

MEMS ABOUT MEMBERS.

(With acknowledgments to a large number of contemporaries.)

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE lives largely on food.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, when he wishes to know the time, looks at his watch.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, although he has written a life of GLADSTONE and represents Montrose Burghs, has rarely if ever been to the North Pole.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has not slept in a cradle for more than half a century.

MR. SIDNEY BUXTON considers it unlucky to break a leg on a Wednesday.

MR. HALDANE, besides being a personal friend of Lord ROSEBURY, rarely ventures forth without first putting his boots on.

THE KING-TROUT.

He was the Monarch of the pool,
Unmatched for size and beauty,
Who taught the subjects of his rule
Their dangers and their duty;
How lures may come in feathery garb,
To Trout-life prejudicial,
And how to shun the cruel barb
That stamps the artificial.

Of food he claimed the lion's share
With self-assertive suction,
And yet they loved him for his care
And affable instruction.
One day when lecturing on "MAN,"
His cunning eyes a-twinkle,
Said he: "To thwart his murderous plan
I'll offer you a wrinkle.

"Upon the bank his footsteps' thud
Descends in thunderous measure;
I stick my head into the mud
And wag my tail with pleasure.
He goes at last, I've had my fun,
And so resume my dinner,
With here a sedge, and there a dun,
And now and then a spinner.

"But when the Mayfly decks the stream
Oh, then be doubly wary!
His advent is the dazzling dream
Of Troutlets' 'Little Mary.'
No shadow to his glory clings,
His robes display no shoddy;
I love the shimmer of his wings,
The savour of his body."

An interruption happened here;
Its end was sad but speedy.
A forward Yearling dared to jeer,
And called the King "Old Greedy."
To what a tragic sequel led
The punishment that followed!
The Monarch grabbed that Yearling's head
And then—oh, monstrous!—swallowed.



Farmer Hodge (who has just had his hair cut). "YOU BE A FURRINER, I 'LOW?"

Assistant. "YES, SIR, I AM AN AUSTRIAN."

Farmer Hodge. "YOU SPEAKS ENGLISH VERY WELL."

Assistant. "OH, YES, I HAVE LIVED SOME TIME IN ENGLAND. I ALSO SPEAK FRENCH, GERMAN, RUSSIAN, AND ITALIAN."

Farmer Giles. "WELL, GEORGE, THERE AIN'T NO DOUBTS ABOUT IT—THESE 'ERE ALIENS OUGHTER BE KEPT OUT. THEY KNOWS TOO MUCH FUR US."

He paused awhile, dismayed, and dwelt
In horrified contrition,
But soon observed how pleasant felt
The course of deglutition.
At last his meditations found
In stern resolve an outlet:
"From now henceforth may I be drowned
If I'll eat aught but Troutlet."

He kept his vow, until the prey
Grew difficult to capture,
Then saw a sight one summer's day
That filled his heart with rapture.
A crippled Trout! He blessed his luck
Behind the weed-bed's tangles,
Swooped on the bait, and found he'd
struck
A couple of triangles.

Long was the fight, and strong the Trout,
The tackle proved still stronger;
The youngsters watched him netted out,
And feared their King no longer.
Up spoke the leader of the crew,
A malapert half-pounder,
"Though great in many ways, it's true,
He was a greedy bounder."

He died: but still he lives on land
In oft-repeated stories
That tell the lure adroitly planned,
And all the battle's glories;
Each incident from A to Z,
Each leap, and rush, and jigger;
And strange it is that, though he's
dead,
His weight grows yearly bigger.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

A SKETCH ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.

SCENE—*Aldwych*. TIME—about 9.30. A large crowd is waiting for the results of the first day's pollings, which an enterprising Morning Paper has undertaken to announce by means of a magic lantern upon a screen. No results have come in as yet, but the suspense is beguiled by a cinematograph, which would be more entertaining if it were a trifle less indistinct. The presentation of a coquettish but elderly spinster, grimacing and making great play with a fan, and supposed to be saying "Give me your vote!" leaves the spectators cold.

Conservative Spectator (to Liberal Ditto). You won't ave it all your own way, I can tell yer. Look at the number o' seats you've got to win afore you wipe out our majority! If you git in, it's about all you'll do. And you won't stay in long.

Liberal Spec. Don't you worry yerself about us, ole pal. You'll soon see what we're going to do, and that's sweep the board, unless I'm much mistook (the name of the Morning Paper suddenly blazes out in electric letters above the screen, which bulges with importance. Then a message appears—"Gravesend on the way. We will try to give you results hot as they come in. Are we up to date?" The lights go out, and the screen turns grey). You'll lose Gravesend for a certainty.

[Gravesend result is thrown on the screen.]

Cons. (jubilant). Not much we've n't. PARKER's won, easy. The country ain't come round to C.-B. yet! 'Ooray! Well done, Gravesend!

Lib. (slightly dashed). It's "No Change" any 'ow. You ain't got much to 'oller for, so far. 'Ere's Dover comin' now—and if WYNDHAM ain't turned out—

[The Dover figures are announced.]

Cons. There you are again, you see! WYNDHAM's in. And by an increased majority! If that's what you call sweepin' the board—

Lib. (depressed). Well, you've on'y kep' the seat, after all. I never said the first day's pollin's would show much difference. It's the counties I look to. (Salford, North, result appears.) Now then, what d'yer say to that? A Liberal Gain! 'Ooray! 'Ooray! Somethink like, that is!

Cons. You make the most of it, Cocky, it'll be all you'll git to-night. We ain't eard from London yet, and there's the six divisions at Manchester to come—they'll go solid for Tariff Reform, and why? Because they see 'ow Free Trade is ruinin' their—(North-west Manchester result announced) Oh, well, WINSTON CHURCHILL, you're welcome to 'im. You'll find 'im a fair 'andful afore you've 'ad 'im long.

[An interval, during which the cinematograph represents various thrilling scenes from the home life of an interesting and popular young hero known to Fame as "The Fat Boy of Peckham." The Fat Boy is shown reading the enterprising Morning Paper, going through his gymnastic exercises, and taking tea with a friend of his own age, to the joy of the crowd, which applauds him enthusiastically.]

Amanda. The Fat Boy ain't tryin' to git inter Parliment, is he?

Amandus. Not 'im. 'E'd 'ave to grow a bit thinner fust.

Amanda (puzzled). Then what are they showin' 'is pictures for?

Amandus. I dunno. Unless it's because they think 'is food orter be taxed.

[Here the Fat Boy modestly makes way for announcements of further Liberal Gains, which are received with uproarious cheers.]

Lib. Good old South-west Manchester! There's another win for the Liberals!

Cons. No, it ain't. That's a Labour Gain, that is!

Lib. Well, what's the difference?

Cons. They'll let you know that later on. Ah well. We shall hear that BALFOUR's in presently—his seat's safe enough.

[The Fat Boy reappears in the act of receiving instruction from his Schoolmaster.]

Crowd (with its proverbial fickleness). We don't want no more Fat Boy! Take 'im 'ome, and give us some more vict'ries!

[The screen obligingly responds with the announcement, "BALFOUR Beaten." Demonstrations of delight. Shouts of "I wouldn't leave my little 'ut for you!" "Pore ole JOE!" &c. Passengers on tops of passing buses stand up and wave their hats, and are frantically cheered by the crowd below, as they are borne on with the air of Roman Generals who have been accorded a triumph.]

A Spectator (whose previous remarks have been mostly in Yiddish). Goot beesinis! BALFOUR can go away and blay now at de golluf.

[He smiles with natural pride at the completeness with which he has assimilated the humour and politics of his adopted country. Another interval, occupied by a cinematograph dimly illustrating "Work and Play on a French battleship."]

A Young Radical (radiant, but raucous). See, they're 'aving a gime o' leap-frog. That's to show their rejoicin' over the Lib'ral vict'ries. Good ole British Navy!

Cons. As it 'appens, they ain't British—they're Frenchies. And there won't be no leap-froggin' in the British Navy when they 'ear of this—you may lay yer life on that!

The Y. R. Cheer up, Matey. You've got Gravesend and Dover—be content with them, and don't be too greedy. 'Ullo, 'ullo! Another Lib'ral Gain! . . . And another! 'We're wipin' the floor with you, we are! You'll 'ave to change yer politics now and turn Lib'ral afore you go 'ome to-night.

Cons. No, I shan't—it won't alter my views whatever 'appens. Why should it?

Bystanders (sympathetically). 'E's right there. Let a man 'ave the courage of 'is opinions, can't yer?

Y. R. (waiving this point as the cinematograph starts on a somewhat irrelevant journey along the Canadian Pacific Railway). Look at 'em all bein' left be'ind. (He apparently alludes to the telegraph poles.) There goes pore BALFOUR, tryin' to get rid of 'is Chinese pigtail! 'Ere comes JOE—don't 'e look down in the mouth? There's the Official Receiver comin' next. Oo's this? Why, it's Ole BILL BAILEY, I declare, orf to South Africa to fetch some Chin-Chin-Chinamen to deprive the British workin' man at 'ome of 'is job! (The bystanders have hitherto failed to appreciate the precise point of these slightly cryptic sallies, but the reference to "Ole Bill Bailey" at once establishes the Young Radical in the position of a popular humorist, and his further efforts are received with growing favour. The cinematograph vanishes abruptly, and another result is announced. "No Change." The circumstance that the C is printed a little apart from the following letters affords the Y. R. a fresh opportunity to display his humour.) See what it sez! "No C hanged." No Conservative hanged. Well, they orter be anyway! (At first this witicism falls slightly flat, but, after about the seventh repetition, he is encouraged by finding it received with a roar of laughter. More Liberal victories are shown on the screen and are received by a group of disgusted young Tories with cries of "Elp! 'Elp! 'Elp!" and fervent chanting of one of the responses from the Litany.) You can't 'elp yourselves, you can't. 'Cause you've none of you got votes. I've. I've a card in my pocket now invitin' me to support the Conservative Candidate. Which I sharn't do. Which—I—sharn't do! (A smart brougham passes on its way to "take up" at a neighbouring theatre.)



AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Young Wife. "How do you like my cooking? Don't you think I've begun well?"

Husband. "Um—yes. I've often heard that well begun is half done."

Let 'im through, 'e's come to drive pore FANNY 'ome 'e 'as.
[The Liberal majority in the crowd is vastly diverted by this keen thrust.]

A Seedy Person with no sense of humour. Go 'ome yerself, instead o' makin' yerself 'oarse torkin' rot!

Y. R. I see what you are. You're a Member o' Parliment in disguise—a aristocrat, that's what you are.

S. P. (furious at this imputation). 'Ere, lemme git at 'im. I'll mike 'im prove them words. Callin' me a aristocrat!

Bystanders (interposing). No, no. No violence 'ere! 'E didn't mean nothink by it.

Y. R. It's awright, ole sport. I was wrong. I see now as you don't belong to the Gentlemanly Party.

S. P. (mollified). I accep' yer apology as 'andsomely as what you've offered it. Shike 'ands. [Peace is restored.]

Cons. (as nineteen Liberal and no Conservative gains are announced). I've 'ad enough of standin' about 'ere. I'm for—but you ain't out o' the wood yet—things'll go better for us o' Monday.

Y. R. Hor-hor! You ain't down'earted—oh, no. But I s'y—we are moppin' you Tories up, and no mistike, eh? I expect CAMEL-BANNERMAN is larfin' fit to split by this time.

Amandus (to AMANDA). Well, I've enjoyed myself a lot better than if we'd gone to a music-hall, ain't you?

Amanda (who hasn't). I never was partickler partial to them biographis meself—

[The last result for the evening is announced, and the crowd gradually disperses, with the pleasant anticipation of enjoying similar gratuitous entertainments for several nights to come.]

F. A.

A Forgotten Reform.

["The worthy Lord BARNHART died in 1833, the year after that sort of thing was rendered impracticable by the passing of the Reform Bill."—Daily News.]

THIS was something like a reform, and it is a thousand pities that the application of this particular section of the Act should apparently have gone out of fashion.

["The match between the M.C.C. eleven and eighteen of Middelburg and district ended in a victory for the winners."—Reuter.]

HERE's a cheer for the victors, the victors who win,

And a cheer for the vanquished who lose;

Who won or who lost, does it matter a pin?

Let us cheer for the news that is news.

A CORRESPONDENT encloses the following communication which he has received from the Hon. Sec. of a working men's club:—

"DEAR SIR,—We shall be very pleased if you will consent to be a honorary subscriber to our club."

This sounds a little like the "Free Food" which you can have by paying for it.

TIME—11 P.M., JANUARY 13th.

Slightly Hilarious One (to perfect stranger). 'Ere, is your name BALFOUR?

Perfect Stranger. No, it's not.

S. H. O. (coaxingly). Go on; say it is!

P. S. All right. My name's BALFOUR.

S. H. O. (triumphantly). Then 'ow 's 'ORRIDGE?



Giles. "How long will it take to get to the Poll, Master?"

Chauffeur. "Oh, I'll have you there in about three minutes."

Giles. "Oh—I suppose you couldn't drive the longest way round, could 'ee now?"

THE WORM TURNS.

["It is all very well to abuse schoolmasters, but what can you expect at the price? In the best preparatory schools £120 a year, resident, is considered adequate pay for a first-class man, and things are not much better in the public schools. How can a teacher fail to become narrow when he cannot afford to buy books, to travel, or even to belong to a good club? As to his being outwardly conventional, what professional man dare be otherwise?"—Letter from a schoolmaster who has been spending his holidays in digesting a volume of KAPPA's articles on Education, republished from "The Westminster Gazette."]

A HARMLESS if not necessary pedagogue,
I am, in self-defence let this be said, agog
To learn how I my post may best adorn;
But having read the things that men like "KAPPA" write
I feel I can no longer hope to map aright
My course. Why was I born?

For I am one, of such there is no sparsity,
Who did not do so badly at the Varsity,
And on the whole I get on well with boys.
Moreover, just to touch on matters physical,
I'm not a dipsomaniac or phthisical,
And life has had its joys.

In short, I always thought until quite recently
That I was really doing very decently
Except so far as filthy lucre goes.
(And as to that, I may perhaps interpolate

That I have had but little cause to chirp o' late
At what my pass-book shows.)

Well, to resume (confound these trisyllabic rhymes),
I could not think of any very shabby crimes
That rendered me unfit to teach our youth;
In fact I was a mass of self-complacency.
Now to my mentors I must make obeisance, I
Have learnt at last the truth.

A whitewashed tomb (such is the charge I see composed),
Full of dead BOHNS and other matter decomposed,
I set to work to stunt the growing mind.
As for the usher's interests and views, he has 'em
Only for show, he knows no real enthusiasm,
And there is worse behind:

In matters such as science and astronomy,
In letters and political economy,
My ignorance is crass, Sir, simply crass!
A thin veneer of smug respectability
Fails to conceal my inward imbecility,
In short I am an ass.

Ah well, it may be we are all past praying for,
But in this world one gets what one is paying for
(That seems a fairly obvious remark);
And I for one, although exposed so crushingly,
Still mean to draw my salary unblushingly,—
That of a third-rate clerk.



POLICY VERSO.



POLICY VERBO.



DEVELOPMENT.

Proud Producer. "THERE'S AN ANIMAL FOR YOU! SEVENTEEN CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS AND TWO HUNDRED GOLD MEDALS! EH? 'WHAT IS IT?'" WHY, THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE BULL-DOG, TO BE SURE. EH? 'NOT LIKE A BULL-DOG?' WHY, OF COURSE NOT! WHERE WOULD BE YOUR DEVELOPMENT IF IT WERE? WHY, SIR, IN THREE MORE GENERATIONS WE'LL HAVE HIM TAILLESS, EARLESS, TOOTHLESS, AND WEB-FOOTED!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE are not surprised to learn that the resounding success achieved by the visit of the Leeds Chorus and the London Symphony Orchestra to Paris, under the talented conductorship of Sir CHARLES STANFORD, is about to lead to several other similar manifestations of the desire to promote international or mutual understanding. Foremost amongst these is the patriotic attempt of the Teutonic colony in our midst to facilitate a pacific settlement of the Morocco *imbroglio*. To this end funds have been raised to enable the massed German bands of the Metropolis to proceed forthwith to Algieras, where it is proposed to serenade the representatives of the different Powers continuously during the Conference. The programme has not yet been finally fixed, but we have the best authority for stating that it will certainly include the *Kaiser-marsch*, the *Delcassé-noisette* suite, and a new Triple Alliance concerto by RICHARD STRAUSS. Lord AVEBURY, who, as one of the pioneers of the Anglo-German

entente, will join the expedition, has arranged MENDELSSOHN'S "Bees' Wedding" for the occasion, and will, it is hoped, contribute an *obligato* accompaniment on the honey-comb.

Another musical excursion, from which the happiest results are anticipated, is that contemplated by the Manchester Hallé orchestra to Birmingham with a view to bringing the benighted denizens of the Midland capital into unison with Cottonopolis on the burning question of the hour. Herr DUMPERDINCK has kindly consented to conduct the orchestra, and Mons. HILAIRE BELLOC will be the principal vocalist. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is taking a lively interest in the visit of the musical Mancunians, and a reception committee, presided over by Mr. L. S. AMERY, is preparing to give them a warm welcome.

Simultaneously with the tour of the Manchester band an expeditionary orchestral force has been mobilised at Birmingham, under the leadership of

Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, to serve the double purpose of filling the regrettable gap caused by the absence of the German bands from London, and of accelerating the repentance of those metropolitan boroughs which have deserted the banner of Tariff Reform. The Aston Villa Choir will form part of the force, and, though complete particulars are not yet available, it is understood that no foreign instrumentalists will be employed, and that, at Mr. CHAPLIN'S suggestion, a special preference will be shown to performers on the *Corno Inglese*.

Another Infant Prodigy.

"MR. BELLOC was born in France, but at the early age of three months he was brought to England and educated in the orthodox way at Oxford."—*Daily Mail*.

AN "EARNEST INQUIRER" writes: "I see a book by Mr. WALTER CRANE advertised, entitled *Ideals in Art*. Should it not be "I deal in Art?" I may be wrong, but I do not think so."



"GLUE WON'T DO IT, GENTLEMEN!!"

[At one of his Election Meetings Mr. Balfour, speaking of the probable difficulty Sir H. C.-B. would find in keeping his Ministry together, said: "Glue won't do it, gentlemen!!"]

PAIRED.

I KNEW I was in for a romance directly I heard the bell ring. I opened the door, and a strange man fell over the mat, and dropped into the hall settle.

"I c-c-came," he began to pant, "about your vote."

"Not at all," I said. "Have a drink, won't you?" My flat is on the eighth floor, and there is no lift; so I always have to begin like this.

"My name," he went on nervously, "is TOMPSON. I just came to see whether you could promise to vote for our man, Mr. BLEWE, to-morrow."

"So Mr. BLEWE is the man to vote for?"

"Mr. BLEWE, and more work, higher wages, a united Empire, peace with all the world, economy, reform, less taxes, more—"

"Please," I said, "just a moment. I can't keep up with you. A united Empire, peace with all the world, more work—I say, I don't quite like that. More work; let's leave that bit out."

"More work for the working man. Why, that's the foundation of Mr. BLEWE's policy!"

"Oh, I see. For the working man. Right you are. It sounds grand."

"Then we can rely upon your help?"

"Wait a bit," I said cautiously.

"What's Mr. BLEWE going to do for my profession? Let's have that quite clear."

"What is your—"

"I am in the wool trade."

Mr. TOMPSON beamed at me. He seemed glad that I was in the wool trade.

"Why, my dear Sir," he said, "that is the one trade of all others that our policy will assist. Vote for Mr. BLEWE, and you'll be a millionaire in no time."

"But look here, with such a programme as yours your man is absolutely certain to get in. You needn't trouble about my vote. Wouldn't it be rather kind if I gave it to Mr. REDDE, just to cheer the poor man up a bit? I mean, where one can be chivalrous—without hurting the cause—"

"We want every vote we can get," he said, "owing to the lies and misrepresentations of the other side."

"Ah, I see. Well, then—"

"Well, then, we can rely upon you?"

I considered for a moment.

"Would you mind coming back in a little while?" I asked him. "I must think this out. The fate of nations seems to hinge on me. It's rather trying."

"Well," said Mr. TOMPSON, "I have two or three people to see up here—"

"That's right. And then come in again." I took him to the door. "It's a fine day," I said; "mind the mat."

"It's a beautiful day," he said, falling over the mat.

Barely had Mr. TOMPSON left me, when there came another ring at the bell. I threw open the door.

"How are you?—have a drink," I said, automatically. "Oh, lord, I beg your pardon."

"My name is JENNINGS," she said with a smile.

"Anyone of the name of JENNINGS," I began idiotically, "is sure of a welcome in this house. That is—I mean—"

"No, we don't know each other, or anything about each other. I've come to ask for your vote and influence on behalf of Mr. REDDE."

I pulled myself together. "My influence," I said, "is small, but my vote—come in, won't you?"

"Thank you."

"So Mr. REDDE is the man to vote for?" I said, when we were seated.

"Mr. REDDE, and higher wages, more work, peace with all the world, economy—" She paused a moment.

"A united Empire," I prompted.

Miss JENNINGS gave me a beautiful smile.

"Why, you know!" she cried. "You are on our side?"

I smiled back.

"Less taxes, reform—" I went on.

"How you have studied the question!"

she murmured. "Then you will vote for Mr. REDDE?"

"Wait a bit," I said cautiously. "What's Mr. REDDE going to do for my profession? Let's have that quite clear."

"What is your—"

"I am in the iron business."

Miss JENNINGS beamed at me. She seemed delighted that I was in the iron business.

"Why," she said, "that is the one business of all others that our policy will help. Vote for Mr. REDDE, and—"

"I shall be a millionaire."

"Yes," said Miss JENNINGS simply.

"But look here," I said; "with such a programme as yours your man is absolutely certain to get in. You hardly need trouble about my vote. Wouldn't it be rather nice if I gave it to Mr. BLEWE? You see, the poor man—of course his agent will vote for him, and perhaps one or two relations—I think it would be a friendly act, seeing that the cause is safe—"

Miss JENNINGS interrupted me.

"We want every vote we can get," she said, "owing to the lies and slanders of the other side."

"Ah, I see. Well, then—"

"Well, then, we can rely upon you?"

I considered for a moment. I began to feel rather a brute. Because, you know— There was a ring at the door.

"Excuse me," I said; and I went and brought the returned Mr. TOMPSON in. Miss JENNINGS gave a little shriek. Mr. TOMPSON fell over a mat, and said "Bother."

"Mr. TOMPSON, Miss JENNINGS," I murmured, "Miss JENNINGS, Mr. TOMPSON, Mr. JENNINGS, Miss—"

"ERNEST!" cried Miss JENNINGS.

"I knew his name was ERNEST," I said to myself.

"HILDA!" said Mr. TOMPSON.

"HILDA," I repeated softly. I wasn't a bit surprised.

They both looked at me.

"I will go and vote," I said; and I went out and sat on the hall settle.

"This is a romance," I said to myself, "and I've done it." But it was very cold in the hall.

By-and-by the door opened.

"Well?" I said.

"Please we've paired; for the remainder of the Session," said HILDA. (I must call her HILDA now.)

"We're awfully indebted to you," said ERNEST. "But for you—"

"Rot!" I said.

"And look here, I want you to vote for HILDA's man, will you? I'm sure if she thinks—"

"No, no, ERNEST dear. He must vote for yours."

I stood up and coughed.

"I'm afraid I haven't got a vote," I explained.



Balfour. "HERE, I SAY! HELP! WHAT ON EARTH IS IT? ANOTHER OF THESE AWFUL LABOUR MEMBERS?"

C.-B. "NOT EXACTLY, MY DEAR ARTHUR; THIS IS JUST A CLEAN SWEEP!"

EVERY MAN'S WIFE HIS OWN AGENT.

I.

Mrs. George Pendluys to her friend,
Mrs. Henry Saville (Jan. 7).

... YES, hasn't GEORGE made a hit? *Sweet and Twenty* is the book of the season... I am so glad for the poor dear boy's sake. Oh, I do hope he will work hard and make lots of money. Literally, MABEL, I haven't a thing to wear—and here is winter well on and I have no furs—and the drawing-room is so shabby... Worst of it is that GEORGE is so full of silly notions. He will not take his chance. He talks about the dignity of literature and the self-respect he owes himself as an author—and all that kind of thing. MABEL, dear, isn't it frightful!... However, I'm determined that GEORGE shall use his chance. I mean to see that he gets all he can from the sharks; so I have appointed myself his private agent—Mr. HERBERT BEAUCHAMP, if you please...

II.

The Editor of "The Kingsway" to
Mr. George Pendluys (Jan. 11).

... would be pleased if he could

quote his terms for a short story of 5000 words to appear in the Easter Holiday number of *The Kingsway*. Copy to be delivered within four weeks from date. Cheque on publication...

III.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of
"The Kingsway" (Jan. 12).

... and in reply beg to state that Mr. PENDLUYS is at present on a motor tour with Lord WINDERMERE and party. My instructions are absolute that Mr. PENDLUYS is not to be troubled with correspondence during his period of relaxation; but on his return to town I shall have pleasure in submitting your letter to his consideration...

Enclosure No. 1. Printed extracts from Press notices of *Sweet and Twenty*—now in its 15th thousand.

Enclosure No. 2. Portrait of Mr. PENDLUYS (non-copyright), with biographical and personal notes.

IV.

Telegram (Jan. 13).

To Beauchamp, The Grove, Chelsea.
Please wire present address PENDLUYS.
KINGSWAY.

v.

Telegram (Jan. 13).

To Kingsway.

Impossible instructions absolute PENDLUYS returning next week. BEAUCHAMP.

vi.

The Editor of "The Kingsway" to Mr. Herbert Beauchamp (Jan. 14).

... We are anxious to have a contribution from Mr. PENDLUYS in our Easter Holiday number, which at latest must go to press in six weeks. Could you therefore inform us whether Mr. PENDLUYS has a suitable story by him, and also give us an idea of his terms for such? ...

vii.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 17).

... I regret to say that, in consequence of the great demand for his work, Mr. PENDLUYS has nothing written that would be at all suitable. The opening chapters of a new serial which he has been commissioned to write for *The Marlborough*, the plots of a series of detective stories for *The Orb*, and the rough draft of an article for *The Quarterly*, are all that I can find among his papers. Regarding possible terms, I am only authorised to state that Mr. PENDLUYS has lately refused very tempting offers for stories of the length you mention. He is now shooting with the Duke of Killiecrankie in the Highlands ...

viii.

Telegram (Jan. 18—11 A.M.).

To Beauchamp.

Please wire PENDLUYS offer of fifteen guineas for story. KINGSWAY.

ix.

Telegram (Jan. 18—2 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

Impossible instructions absolute PENDLUYS daily expected. BEAUCHAMP.

x.

Telegram (Jan. 18—5 P.M.).

To Beauchamp.

May we use portrait and notes in our March number? KINGSWAY.

xi.

Telegram (Jan. 19—10.30 A.M.).

To Kingsway.

Can use portrait and notes in March number. BEAUCHAMP.

xii.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp to the Editor of "The Kingsway" (Jan. 21).

... I am directed by Mr. GEORGE PENDLUYS to state that he is quite unable to meet you in the matter of a short story for your Easter Holiday number. Already he has accepted commissions for work that will keep him fully employed for years to come. Should you be still anxious, however, for a story from his pen he can furnish you with one of the required length by April, 1908. Terms thirty guineas. Cheque on signing of contract.



Lady Canvasser. "AND WHEN WILL YOUR HUSBAND BE IN?"
Wife (stolidly). "I DUNNO, MUM. THERE'S NO BOUNDS TO 'IM!"

xiii.

The Editor "The Kingsway" to Mr. George Pendluys (Jan. 22).

... As already intimated, we are very anxious to include you in our Easter Holiday number. We are making special efforts to render this a great success, and anticipate a circulation of 200,000 copies. ... We enclose proofs of a portion of our March number, from which you will see that we are publishing your portrait and a special article, and indirectly are promising our readers an early contribution from your pen. ... Cannot you meet us in this matter? We are prepared to offer you the very exceptional terms of twenty-five guineas. ... Kindly wire reply.

xiv.

Telegram (Jan. 23—11 A.M.).

To Pendluys.

Awaiting reply urgent. KINGSWAY.

xv.

Telegram (Jan. 23—8 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

PENDLUYS dining with Authors' Club reply morning. BEAUCHAMP.

xvi.

Telegram (Jan. 24—1 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

Sorry cannot entertain proposal.

PENDLUYS.

xvii.

Telegram (Jan. 24—2.30 P.M.).

To Pendluys.

Offer thirty guineas. KINGSWAY.

xviii.

Telegram (Jan. 24—4 P.M.).

To Pendluys.

Awaiting reply telegram most urgent. KINGSWAY.

xix.

Telegram (Jan. 25—10 A.M.).

To Pendluys.

Offer thirty-five guineas reply prepaid. KINGSWAY.

xx.

Telegram (Jan. 25—2 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

PENDLUYS lunching American Ambassador Carlton reply later. BEAUCHAMP.

xxi.

Telegram (Jan. 25—4.30 P.M.).

To Kingsway.

Terms impossible. PENDLUYS.

xxii.

Telegram (Jan. 25—5.30 P.M.).

To Pendluys.

Offer forty guineas cheque by hand by return. KINGSWAY.

xxiii.

(Jan. 26—10.30 A.M.)

To Kingsway.

As special consideration accept terms for story cheque awaited. PENDLUYS.

xxiv.

Mrs. George Pendluys to Mrs. Henry Saville (Jan. 28.)

... You will rejoice, MABEL dearest, to know that our little scheme is quite the loveliest success. The very latest triumph of HERBERT BEAUCHAMP is to draw forty guineas from a wretched magazine for a poor little story that already had been declined all round. Picture the blushes of my poor dignified boy! Do come round, dearest, very soon, and help me choose my winter furs.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER is delighted to see from the way the General Election has gone that his appeal to Englishmen to show more friendliness to his country has not been without effect.

It is denied that Mr. BALFOUR, on hearing that the ex-Secretary of State for India was also out, sent him a wire, "Alas, my poor Brodder!"

The new Liberal paper, *The Tribune*, did not start by showing a proper regard for the feelings of its inferiors. Its first appearance was advertised in London on the backs of all bus horses—among whom are many Conservatives—without distinction of politics.

The Tribune, in its "Amusement Guide," classifies plays under the headings of "Costume Plays" and "Musical Plays." We think this is a trifle harsh. A certain amount of costume is still worn in musical plays.

A contemporary has been publishing a series of explanations under the title, "Why I Lost." It is satisfactory to learn that in no single instance was the defeat due to any shortcoming in the candidate.

The other day it was rumoured that the Russian Government, in order to divert attention from internal disorders, intended shortly to embark on another war. This rumour is now strengthened. The Czar has announced his intention of holding a second Peace Conference.

"The Kildonan Castle" arrived last week at Southampton with one of the largest cargoes of birds, beasts, and reptiles ever brought to this country," says a contemporary. It does not say much for the efficacy of the Aliens Act that the beasts and reptiles were allowed to land.

According to *The Lancet*, the employees on the Underground Railway, instead of presenting a dull putty-coloured complexion as was formerly the case, are slowly but surely assuming a healthier tone and colour. It is even thought that several who had given up all hope of being married may go off this season.

The annual report of the Medical

Officer of Health for the County of London draws attention to the dangers that lurk in ice. It cannot be too widely known that a simple safeguard is to boil the ice before taking it.

The possibility of angling in the London parks is again mentioned by several papers as something of a novelty. As a matter of fact, for many years the finest stickleback fishing in the country has been enjoyed at the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, and only last month a brute almost an inch in length was safely landed by a youngster.

Devon and Somerset killed eighty-seven stags. Their offence is not known.

The municipality of Nice has organised a troop of canine scavengers. Dogs have been trained to drag a cord with a brush at the end of it through the sewer-pipes. Alarmed at the possibility of being pressed into the service, numbers of dachshunds are returning in hot haste from the Riviera every day.

A sleeping-car recently fell fifteen feet from the elevated tracks at St. Louis. This just shows the danger of sleeping while on duty.

In America, up-to-date burglars are bringing into play a knowledge of electricity and chemistry, and it is felt that, seeing how arduous is the training which is now necessary in order to enable them to practise their craft with any degree of success, their sentences should be lighter when caught.

Dancing is now recommended as an aid to health. From high-jinks to hygienics is of course a short step.

Many horses were amused, the other day, to see a horse-shoe attached to the back of a motor-car for luck.

Colonel's Wife (to Tenant). Now I hope you've voted for the Colonel. He would be very angry if he knew you hadn't.

Tenant (mysteriously). Can you keep a secret?

Colonel's Wife. Oh, yes.
Tenant. So can I.

A NEW light is thrown on the question of our trade relations with Canada by a leading article in *The Montreal Daily Witness*, as quoted by *The Western Daily Press*. "Great Britain," says the Canadian writer, "buys from us about twice as much as we sell to her!" He does not add on what basis the bills are made out, but it certainly looks very suspicious.

Of Bus Horses.

(As used to advertise the "Tribune.")

THESE weary workers, it is plain,
Can never now become extinct;
Henceforward they must still remain
To man inseparably linked.
If Vanguard drive them off, why then
They re-appear as sandwich-men!



First Sandwichman. "BILL, I WONDER HOW SOME OF THEM CHINESE 'SLAVES' WOULD LIKE THIS JOB AT A BOB A DAY?"

"Mr. ALFRED SUTRO," we read, "says that Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER would lend himself admirably as the subject of a great drama." We further believe that it is a fact that Mr. ROCKEFELLER has consented to lend himself in consideration of the enormous interest which the loan would ensure.

We are requested to state that the HORACE SMITH, aged ten, who was bound over last week at Kingston for robbing an automatic machine by using brass curtain rings instead of pennies, is not the police magistrate of the same name.

From July to the end of last year the

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Soprano (MACMILLAN), Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's latest novel, is of curiously irregular quality. It opens briskly, making the charmed reader acquainted with two distinctly new and interesting characters. One is the *Bonanni*, the fat prima donna; the other, *Logotheti*, a Greek financier, transplanted to Paris. The latter is a fine realisation of the sensuous, cultured Greek, bringing the hereditary art instinct of a thousand years into everyday life at Paris. My Baronite recognises in this creation one of Mr. CRAWFORD's most ambitious and most successful efforts. The account of the Greek's rough wooing of *Margaret Donne*, the budding prima donna, is done with vivid realism. It is all excellent, the story briskly rattling on its way up to the time *Margaret* attends rehearsals previous to her *début*. Then Mr. CRAWFORD seems suddenly to grow aware of the puppets of his imagination, dawdles on through some uninspired chapters, and finally disposes of the whole affair by a melodramatic plot of abduction. He hints at intention of continuing the story. He had better begin again at the end of Chapter XVI., bestowing upon charity the four chapters that stand in the printed book.

In *The Winning of Winifred*—pity that "Winsome" is omitted as epithet to the heroine's name—Mr. LOUIS TRACY has given us a Romance of Bonnie Scotland Yard which will find favour with those who, remembering DICKENS's masterly portrait of Mr. *Bucket*, delight in stories where the main interest is centred in the professional detection of crime. In this cleverly plotted novel, written in plain, unvarnished fashion, we are introduced to a grave-faced, elderly man, who, while seated in a comfortably furnished room of the Chief Police Office, has a peculiar way of peering at a visitor through his spectacles. This is one of the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department. Also we make the acquaintance of detective *Winter*, "whose process," as THEODORE HOOK sang about a tax-collector of the same name, "is summary" when dealing with such scoundrels as harass the Worried and Wirtuous *Winifred*. It is published by F. V. WHITE & Co.; but, as it is essentially a story about a police affair, it should have been brought out by CONSTABLE.

A delightful book of Devonshire Poetry—quite a big tin of Devonshire Cream—is *Up-Along and Down-Along*, by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, with illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I. (METHUEN & Co.). The first poem (inspired probably by "*La vie est brève, Un peu d'amour*,") arrests our attention and gives us the key-note of the composition. Mr. SHEPPERSON has set himself to illustrate the second line, "A li'l suckin'; a li'l sleepin'," which, taking it out of Devonian dialect, means that the babe is alternating refreshment and rest. Mr. SHEPPERSON represents a poor woman seated most uncomfortably, not to say dangerously, on a rocky projection, as she clasps to her breast with her right arm (invisible) a queer-shaped bundle, presumably her infant, while from under her left arm appears a something white, which may be either a dead ferret, a seagull, or an old rag. Should the woman lose her balance, then down go mother, baby and all, into the valley, hundreds of feet below! But to "Cockerow," the second poem, the illustration of a landslip is admirable. It is, indeed, a fine specimen of Mr. SHEPPERSON at his best, as are also "A Devon Courting," No. III., and, but for its mystification of figures, No. VI., "Hymn to Pomona." Surely Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS does not wish us to believe that even the most private love affairs are conducted in so questionable a manner in any respectable Devon orchard? Are not all Devonshire orchards models of respectability? Every one of them is a Paradise before the fall of the apple. Isn't it so, Mr. EDEN?

In *The Silent Passenger* (JOHN LONG) G. W. APPLETON gives us a sensational story, humorously told. It is decidedly interesting until the complications become somewhat puzzling. But the tone of the hero, pleasantly recounting his adventures in the First Person Singular (which description represents him exactly), is so buoyant throughout all the tragic difficulties, that the reader, inoculated with the author's cheerfulness, cannot withhold his sympathy, but sincerely wishes him a satisfactory issue out of his many troubles. A great point in his favour is his fidelity to the unknown "lady of his love." In spite of evil report "his Heart is true to POLL." The Baron is sure that any lover of mystery will grapple with this story, and stick to it up to the climax. If then he is able to give a correct *précis* of this sensational plot, the Baron will regret that, in the appreciative student of Mr. APPLETON's work, the public will have been deprived of the services of a first-rate detective.

Soul-Twilight (JOHN LONG), the title that LUCAS CLEEVE has chosen for her latest novel, is not, to the Baron's mind, a particularly happy one, if indeed it be happy at all. Its meaning is far from clear, nor is it elucidated by the story that the authoress has set herself to tell. A wife "with a hunted look" and her husband, who, after her stupid, mischief-making, self-imposed confession to him, "sits motionless with half-closed eyes," are the two principal characters. "They two alone in the dark, he and she." Fancy that! The story is only another well-arranged variation on the old original theme of the moral excise penalty imposed upon illicit passion that has been smuggled into the home, labelled "Love." It is well told; and although there be a waste of words, yet are there oases in the desert most refreshing to the earnest traveller. LUCAS CLEEVE presents us with two powerfully drawn types, *Coralie Maxwell*, "in society," and *George Conyers*, out of it. This writer's ladies have a way of "extending both hands" to visitors; *Lillian* does it, *Coralie Maxwell* does it: it is effective now and then: specially in strongly dramatic scenes, of which there are several striking specimens in this novel; otherwise such action is merely theatrical gush, meaning nothing. Why *Lillian's* father, a philosophic muddle-head, who seems somehow to have strayed out of an early Meredithian novel, and then lost his character, should be brought in, it is difficult to determine: he does not help the story, rather impedes its narration. The Baron recommends *Soul-Twilight*, not as LUCAS CLEEVE's best, but as one of her second best, and worth the reading at that.



Looks Rather Black.

LAST Friday at Marylebone Police Court an electrician was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing, among other things, a pair of trousers which the thief averred he had found in the cellar. An unimpeachable witness, the butler, testified that the articles of clothing in question did undoubtedly belong to his master, Mr. Justice WALTON. Whereupon observed Mr. PLOWDEN, "The Judge does not dress in the cellar, I suppose?" The Butler did not reply. He neither affirmed nor denied. So perhaps the Judge did dress in the coal cellar, when studying *Coke*, or examining cases of *Lyttleton*. Whatever may become of the coals, so prudent a butler will never get the sack.

MOTTO FOR THIS AND FUTURE PARLIAMENTS.—"*Labor omnia vincit*."